UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

OUR readers will welcome that sign of returning health and strength shown in the letter printed elsewhere from our editorial associate, and the secretary of the Western Conference, Rev. John R. Effinger. If a host of good wishes from friendly and hopeful hearts can prove of avail in such matters Mr. Effinger's cure will be both speedy and complete.

THE essay by Dr. George C. Lorimer on "The Newer Heresies," in the current number of the *Arena*, will be read with interest as the opinion of a popular orthodox clergyman, whose soundness in the faith has never been questioned, yet whose sympathies are by no means confined within sectarian lines. The denomination, Baptist, which Dr. Lorimer represents, prides itself, justly, on the absence of the creed-loving spirit. "There is no real need for the morbid anxiety that now prevails in certain quarters," Dr. Lorimer thinks, "and no serious alarm should be felt for the perpetuity and stability of the truth." He finds three distinctive marks in the rising heretical unrest in the evangelical churches, which prove, he believes, that it is not connected with the fundamental truths of orthodox Christianity. "The newer heresies do not challenge the truth of Scripture interpretation, only the form and philosophy of such inspiration." Neither are they "primarily defections from Christian doctrine, only from the creeds which assume authoritatively to define such doctrine." Thirdly, they are not "revolts from the scriptural ideal of Christian life, only a noble protest against the narrow interpretations of that life." We will not try to pick any logical flaws in this reasoning nor ask where true Christian doctrine in minds like this writer's begins and ends, and how much we know of the real sayings and teachings of the founder of Christianity. We are content to note the gradual falling back on the part of the entire religious world to a more simple and practical form of religious belief, a desire to get rid of all extraneous growths of creed and dogma, and reach the religious spirit and life.

THE value of music as a therapeutic agent has long been understood, though but partially, by medical men, especially by those who have charge of insane patients, or those suffering from extreme nervous disorders. Science, perhaps, learned something from ancient Scripture here, in the story of David's healing of "Saul" with his harp, which Browning has so beautifully retold in his greatest poem. Matthew Arnold employs the same device in his poem of "Empedocles on Etna." The London *Lancet* explains that music acts as a mental tonic in such cases, and that its effect is most manifest in those of morbid nervous action. It also thinks the quieting effect produced is due somewhat to transference of attention; which corresponds with the theories of the faith and mind cure, in which, as in most special nostrums, there is a grain of truth.

SLOWLY, alike through the teachings of science and the growing spirit of love, the line between the faults and the virtues of our fellow creatures grows more and more obscure. The evil and the good are so mingled in human nature that there is no trait, not the worst and most trying, but is seen to have some leaning to virtue, either to spring from a good impulse gone astray, or to seek some good end, not wisely understood. And how our virtues are streaked and marred by faults, we all know. Who has not blushed over praise for a fine action he alone knew sprang from a selfish desire, or found himself made by luckly accident the seeming benefactor of his kind? But to us, this mixture of opposite qualities is the sign of hope for the struggling soul, not cynicism or despair. It bespeaks the spirit's moral unity, as the broken limb or scarred trunk does that of the injured, but growing tree. Sympathy and true knowledge grow with admiration. "Is not every fault wedded to its own excuse, that pity may be born into the world?" asks a modern writer.

MRS. LIVERMORE, writing of "Co-operative Womanhood in the State," in the *North American Review* for September, speaks of the sanitary commission, with which she was so prominently identified, as the first example of the successful united work of women in large enterprises. In this they learned something besides how to scrape lint and roll bandage-cloth. They became interested students of political methods and great national issues. She quotes the words of Dr. Bellows, who, speaking of the vast correspondence going on between the camp and the home, said it was the means of "keeping the men in the field civilians," and of "making the people at home, of both sexes, half soldiers." The power of "associated womanhood" thus demonstrated has grown ever since, and is one no longer questioned, and from which an increasing degree of untold good is sure to result to society at large.

A WRITER in the *Literary World*, reviewing Henry James' work on "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher" says, concerning that writer's discussion of the poet's solution of the problem of the immanence of goodness, even in things evil: "This solution rests in his conviction of the unity of God with man as a spiritual being. From this unity spring the supreme facts in the soul's development. The principle of unity, the meeting-place between the divine and the human, is love. Love is 'the supreme motive of Browning's art, and the principle on which his moral and religious doctrine rests.' This is his deepest conviction and the source of his courage, and he is as fearless in 'reducing all phenomena into forms of the activity of his first principle,' as Hegel was in referring to Reason or Schopenhauer to the Blind Will."

THE editor of the *Independent*, London, Rev. F. Herbert Stead, gives his impressions of the late International Council in a recent number of the *Advance*. Four family types were represented at this gathering, American, Australian, South African and the British Isleman. Among these he found the Australians most progressive and hopeful, full of a "contagious youthfulness." The United States delegates were easily known by the marks of Puritan ancestry, observable in their speech, manners and ideas. In them more than among all the rest, the observer noted "the lineaments of the Pilgrim and the Ironside." But the theological diversities in the Council outranked the ethnological; still it was a great "free, fraternal federation." The American delegates are remembered with gratitude for the impetus which their word and presence gave to the movement, still a "movement" in England, to free the church from all state trammels, "The Council has strengthened the cause of disestablisment." Mr. Stead refers briefly to the lively interest, consternation in some quarters, aroused by Dr. Goodwin's sermon, praising Calvinism, and urging the continued earnest teachings of old-fashioned orthodoxy; but he thinks the preacher was somewhat misunderstood, through a careless use of terms, and that his views are not quite as illiberal and behind the age, as they seem. We suspect Dr. Goodwin would prefer to be his own interpreter here.

THE *Christian Union* in a recent editorial incidentally pays the following just and significant tribute to Emerson: "Nothing was more beautiful in Mr. Emerson's character than the exquisite respect which he paid to every human being. It seemed as if he always expected to receive from every one he met some new message of life, something which should lay him under perpetual obligation. He treated everyone not only with courtesy, but with the profound respect which one would accord to the messengers of a king. It was very inspiring to others to receive this sort of attention; but it was pre-eminently beautiful in the man himself, and was the lasting evidence to the nobility of his soul."

An Agnostic's Estimate of a Romanist.

We do not know whether our friend, Mr. William M. Salter, objects to the application of the term "agnostic" to himself or not, but we use it here to mark an antithesis the more plainly, to point out, in a brief reference to Mr. Salter's essay on the late Cardinal in the September *Arena*, the complete fairness, loving generosity even, with which one of his advanced position,—by the majority considered as quite hostile to religion,—can write of another holding views diametrically opposed to his own.

UNITY lately published an essay from Mr. Salter on Cardinal Newman, but the *Arena* essay is valuable in another way, showing the debt of personal gratitude the writer feels to one to whom he turned with earnest solicitude during an early period of mental unrest and change, when he passed from Congregationalism through Unitarianism to Ethical Culture. It was, Mr. Salter writes, at a time when after careful examination of the worth and credibility of the gospel accounts of Jesus, claiming his Messiahship, and a conclusion in his own mind that these accounts were trustworthy, that "he [Jesus] was, under God, my appointed Lord, and Saviour and Judge, as that of all men,"—that he began to read Newman. Then those doubts began to trouble him, as they have so many earnest Protestants, whether this belief was securely founded in any form of Protestant teaching. He was first impressed by Newman as one who had "a profound sense of the difficulties of faith." Whether his own was true or not, it had evidently not been accepted simply because it was easily understood. To this impression was added that of a man "who had faced the problems of religion for himself." His mystical nature did not prevent his constant desire to be led by reason.

Through the reading of Newman, Mr. Salter goes on to explain, he came to see that the special dogma relating to the nature and mission of Jesus, instead of being one of the finalities of belief, was but a starting-point. It must therefore "lead somewhere." Where was the human force or authority that was to embody, demonstrate, and uphold this great truth? Thus was begun an examination into the various claims of the Protestant sects, Unitarianism among others, in which Mr. Salter found temporary abiding place. "I could not help the foreboding that Unitarianism was not a finality, or more than a camp for a night; nay, the question was whether Unitarianism was not doing more to dissipate Christianity than to build it up in any historical sense of the term."

Mr. Salter does not claim that Newman converted him, only that he was "open to light on that side." From being open to light in this direction he came the more easily to travel another, that chosen by Francis Newman, or one nearly allied to it.

The motive of the essay here so inadequately outlined, is described by the writer as one of "old attachment and personal veneration;" who adds that he hopes he may have done something to show "that a Catholic need not necessarily be either a weak man or a dishonest one." Mr. Salter speaks as guardedly as he does kindly. Appreciation does not run into weak sentiment, nor the desire to be just lead to half-assent and false tolerance. He does not say that reason, abstractly speaking, was on Newman's side, but that "starting from his premises his course was reasonable." As for his own differing conclusions, his rejection of the Christian dogma in all its shapes, they are well defined in the following words:

> Reluctant as I was to admit it, struggle as I might against it, the share of Jesus in the errors and illusions of his time (the sense of which grew upon me) made it impossible for me at last to absolutely trust his consciousness; however great, however sublime a figure he was, it appeared that he belonged after all to our fallible humanity. Hence in my view we were thrown back on ourselves. We may have great and consoling beliefs about life and its purpose, about death and what lies beyond, about the fathomless Power from which we came and on whose bosom we rest; but a revelation we have not; they are beliefs which we ourselves form, and do not receive from without. Rationalism, though not in the sense Newman used it, became the only method; and Liberalism, in the sense that whatever creed one may hold, none can claim to be infallible, or of exclusive divine authority, and that good men of different creeds should respect and tolerate one another, becomes at once a necessity and a duty.

C. P. W.

Editorial Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—It is worth while to have lived away from one's native place for years, just for the joy of coming back to it again. Sometimes, it is true, the coming back has in it a measure of disappointment. Familiar objects and scenes have lost the grandeur they held for the youthful eye. But for me the case is otherwise. For as I look on this spot, where first I saw the light, with eyes accustomed to other and less picturesque scenes, its whole surroundings are touched with a rare charm, a wonderful, majestic beauty, which lifts it into companionship, in my mind, with other and more noted places. A short drive or walk in almost any direction will bring you to an outlook upon meadow, hill and mountain that is worth the journey from Chicago to see. In our rambles we continually cry to one another, "Look there!" "O, Look there!" as one picture after another is unveiled to our eyes.

Not less gladly do those who recall the humdrum life of forty years ago and the desolation immediately succeeding the war, mark the new life which is springing up everywhere on the ruins of the old order. Harrisonburg is slowly putting on the fresh garments of progress. It now boasts a government building which cost a hundred thousand dollars. Its "Big Spring," the center around which the town was originally built, is now, notwithstanding the protest of some of the oldest citizens, supplanted by modern water-works, and electric lights illumine the streets and public buildings by night. Factories are rearing their chimneys among the hills, new homes adorn the streets, and the years have added new beauty to the old homesteads, deep set in the sweet seclusion of richly shaded lawns and shrubberies. The month of July saw the town alive with teachers in attendance upon the State Teachers' Institute, which is annually held here. The interest in popular education is by no means what it is in the North, and the public school is not yet accorded the sympathy and support which it deserves. It is yet a foreign plant which it will take time to acclimate in the Southern mind. But a better day is coming, and this Institute is one of the signs of it. The "boom" which promised to make a city here in short order is dead as in all the valley towns, but one can not climb Red Hill and read the names of the new streets and avenues laid out there, stand by the partly excavated foundation of the projected new hotel, and, turning on either hand, look out at the magnificent prospect which everywhere greets the eye, without feeling the spirit of prophecy arising within him, and seeing in a vision the time when these now naked streets and this solitary summit will become a Mecca for seekers after rest and health and beauty.

This quaint old town which was home to me the first twenty years of my life is everywhere redolent with the associations of boyhood. As I wander along the narrow shaded streets, the time-worn houses, from which the old familiar faces have disappeared, seem like monuments of the vanished years, and there comes over me

> "A feeling of sadness and longing
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles rain."

Amid a population who know me not—save the few friends and relatives remaining here—I often catch the trick of an eye or mouth, or the mould of a cheek that carries me back to a former generation and lets me into the secret of the wearer's lineage. The barefoot boy who left off the contemplation of his toy water-wheel in the picturesque old mill-race this morning and ran with such neighborly good will to give my horse a bucket of water on my asking, gave me a name which dates back in my memory forty years and more, recalling a country home with its grassy yard and fruit-laden trees and cool, clean spring-house, with its stores of delicious cream and fragrant butter.

Climbing the hill on the west of the town, I pass the schoolhouse to which, many a time an eager boy I wot of, crept out in the early winter morning, in the old heroic fashion of education, to make his recitation in Greek and Latin by candle-light. Further on up the summit is the old graveyard, closed up now, where lie the ashes of many of the early settlers of the town, and where stood the old church in which my child awe and reverence in presence of the Unseen were first called forth. Lower down is the church where I preached my first sermon before an indulgent audience of relations and friends, who expected more of me, I fear, than I have ever attained, and whom I have sadly disappointed in my departures from the ways of the fathers.

A drive of four miles brings us to Massanetta Springs,—famed for its healing waters, and within the grove near by is the camp-ground on which we tented once a year in the old days and which is still in use every Sunday for the neighboring farmers and visitors at the Springs. Wandering among the pine-slab seats and standing in the rude pulpit of rough boards, a rush of old memories comes upon me: memories of prayer and hymn and sermon, from voices, many of them long since hushed, of the hour when a boy of nine years, kneeling there in the brown leaves, somehow grew conscious of God with a great ecstasy which made all nature and the faces of friends glow with a new and wonderful beauty.

Through changing creed and symbol that hour remains to him an epoch, marking the beginning of a conscious spiritual life. Driving home in the early twilight, with the full moon swinging up in splendor from behind the Massametten mountain, as it has done through countless thousands of years, I read anew the lesson of the evanescence of human life and circumstance and the eternity of truth, of the soul, of God.

I might tell you of a sermon in the Methodist Church here, surprising for its breadth and liberality; of a journey over hill and dale to Rawley Springs, situated in a spur of the Alleghany mountains where I stood two thousand feet above sea level and looked out upon a scene of marvelous beauty; of another to Whyer's Cave, now called "Shendun Grottoes," famous the country over for the witchery of its strange and beautiful formations; where a water jar set under the drip of a stalactite for eighteen years shows but the thinnest skin of calcareous formation, hinting of the untold centuries that have gone to the making of the fretted roof, the decorated walls, the draperies and richly carved columns, the altars and balconies and statuary and all the countless mimicries of art which the electric light reveals here in the darkness of this famous cavern. But my letter grows too long and must close with a cordial greeting to friends and fellow-laborers and the hope that they may sometime spend the summer in the Shenandoah Valley.

J. R. E.

Harrisonburg, Va.

A Basis of Work.

In the discussion which followed the address on "A Basis of Fellowship *versus* a Basis of Faith," at the meeting of the Ministerial Union last May, a leader among us remarked with characteristic penetration that while he indorsed the views expressed, there was another matter that had been left untouched, viz.,—a Basis of Work. The distinction deserves a clearer recognition than has commonly been given it. Before asking to be admitted into any organization I want to know two things,—What is its purpose? Will I be welcome? Unless the second question is answered in the affirmative, I shall not seek admission, however satisfactory the answer to the first. While if the second is answered in the affirmative, I may seek admission, though not entirely satisfied with the answer to the first. I may not like all of its work, but still have a "general sympathy with its purposes and practical aims," and so desire to co-operate with it. It might be well if all our organizations were to adopt two separate statements, one defining their purpose, the other their fellowship. Our National Conference has practically done this, setting forth its purpose in the Preamble and First Article of the Constitution, and its basis of fellowship in Article Ten. The more fully and explicitly an organization states its purpose in its published constitution, the more serviceable that document will be in helping people to decide whether they wish to join it or not. It must be kept in mind, however, that that decision, if intelligent, will be mainly based, not on what the organization says that it purposes to do, but on what one finds out by personal observation that it is actually doing. Not many of us would care for membership in the National Conference if we merely knew that it was designed to give us an opportunity to prove by our self-denial our faith as "disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ." Our personal contact with it, however, makes us feel that we like it and will be glad, if we may, to join it. The work of any man, if it is genuine, will flow out of his most fundamental beliefs. So the work of any association of men will be determined by the character and convictions of its members. And thus our Basis of Work turns out to be practically synonymous with our Basis of Faith. There follows from the preceding a corollary, which it may not be amiss to add. If an organization be a really live one, let natural affinities have free play; and that unity in work which grows out of a substantial unity in faith will secure a very genuine unity in fellowship, and so preserve the integrity of the movement and give an organic continuity, even though all bars are thrown down and a cordial welcome extended to everybody who wishes to enter.

H. D. M.

Men and Things.

RECENT discoveries among ancient tombs in Etruria unmistakably show that dentistry was practiced as far back as six centuries before the Christian era. Several of the skulls examined had false teeth, carved from those of some large animals; while many of the natural teeth had gold filling.

THE race question, the persistence of ancestral traits, the transmission of character, the reappearance of types after several generations, are some of the subjects with which W. D. Howells is dealing in his new novel, "An Imperative duty," begun in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*.

OF Walter Savage Landor's republicanism an old friend lately wrote: "I well remember a fine burst of Landor's eloquence in favor of republican institutions; and when especially praising the Americans, among whom he had many friends, he concluded with the remark: 'But I could never live in America, because they have no cathedrals or painted glass.'"

DURING the first year of the Harvard Annex, there were twenty-five students, who called for so many courses of instruction that they formed twenty-nine classes. This year, the 12th, there have been one hundred and seventy-four students, distributed into sixty-one classes, and directed by nearly fifty professors and instructors from Harvard College. The graduates this year are all Massachusetts women.

WE read in one of our exchanges that the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, in the precincts of the Inner Temple, still remains in an untended condition. The secluded little courtyard has just been relaid with gravel, and the memorial stone of the poet bears evidence of irreverent treatment. Not only are the engraved letters becoming dim, but the tablet is scratched, evidently by heedless feet. Here is a fresh opportunity for something being done to prevent further desecration.

WE are told that Rosa Bonheur earned her first money by copying the paintings of old masters, working early and late to help support her family. Her first animal picture was a goat, which pleased her so much that she gave up copying and took up animal painting exclusively. Models in those days being too expensive for the slender purse of the young artist, she would tramp miles to a farm, carrying a meagre lunch in her pocket, to sketch an animal. When nineteen years old she sent her first picture to an art exhibition, and at once the critics pronounced her a genius.

WE read in the *Independent* that the famous Castle church, at Wittenberg, to the doors of which Luther nailed his ninety-five theses on October 31st, 1517, and in which he and Melancthon are buried, is undergoing a thorough restoration. The project is the late Emperor's, Frederick III. His sickness and death interrupted the work, but the present Emperor has enthusiastically resumed it. The entire inside of the church is being renewed at a lavish expense, and two towers are being erected. Since 1781, iron doors, on which the theses of Luther are seen, together with other reminders of those great days, have been added to the building, by the Prussian King, Wilhelm III.

A REMARKABLE feature in the character of Alexander III., of Russia, is his veneration for the orthodox religion, which he looks upon as the very foundation stone of the empire. On each 6th of January, the day of Epiphany, he is present, bare headed, at the ceremony of the immersion of the cross in the waters of the Neva. Ridiculous as the mention of it may at first seem, the fact that, though almost entirely bald, the Emperor is able to endure the intense cold during the half hour the ceremonies last, is ascribed by the moiyiks to divine protection. By the clergy generally the Czar is adored, and; in spite of innumerable difficulties, he has done and still continues to do much toward bettering the position of the orthodox priesthood.

His thoughtful disposition has nourished in him a strong love of art, and he has earned a place in the foremost ranks of amateurs and connoisseurs. His appartments in each of his palaces, particularly his private sanctum at Gatchina, are filled with pictures.—*Inter Ocean.*

Contributed and Selected.

Phaeton.

How often, poor mad Phaetons, are we cast
By our poor rampant thoughts upon the ground;
Falling from highest Heaven with wild rebound
Because we can not hold these coursers fast,
And wring obedience from them. O, at last,
Grant us, high gods, with rayèd glory crowned
To guide desires and thoughts through heights profound
Of clearest ether! Oh, no more aghast
May we fall, with hot, blazing hair, and face
All singed, and pallid with the sickening sense
Of helpless impotence, through Heaven's great space,
Waiting the coming shock in dread suspense!
We would be sun-gods, full of light and grace,
Driving in sure control through space immense.

H. P. KIMBALL.

The Hillside Institute.

I would like to write a word from the standpoint of an outsider about the Institute. The Hillside Institute, or Summer Assembly calls together all workers in the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society and in contiguous Unity clubs, teachers as well as ministers, and others interested in systematic means of moral and religious education. These meetings are valuable for the following reasons:

First the attractions of the Institute are based upon profitable intellectual work. Hillside is no parade ground, and the Institute does not offer pyrotechnic displays. It seeks, primarily, to awaken and stimulate mind and heart in definite religious work. Its thoughtful lectures give it character. No one this year, for instance, could fail to be impressed and greatly benefited by the carefully prepared, scholarly and concise lectures of Rev. J. C. Learned of St. Louis on the Religions of the East. They gave to the listener a clear, comprehensive view of each of these religions, with full references to authorities for guidance in future study. Following these were outlines of ethical studies, "In the School," given by Miss Juniata Stafford, of Chicago, which systematically presented one of the most important and difficult branches of our work.

There were, also, the informal meetings of the morning hour in which ministers, laymen and women discussed methods of practical work. In the evening there were lectures on some subjects connected with the religious life. These, with grove meetings, on the first and last Sundays, in which all the ministers took part, and to which the people of the neighborhood came, to the number of four and five hundred, constituted the intellectual treats of the Institute and established its intellectual character.

Second, a powerful mental stimulus was given to the weary minister by the many bright, wide-awake minds of the laymen and women there present. The social value of these meetings could scarcely be over-estimated. The parlors of the Hillside Home, wont to echo with the voices of boys and girls, were not suffered to grow drowsy in these vacation days, but laughter, song and the sallies of wit filled their walls.

Third, and last, but not least, should be mentioned the hospitality of the whole Helena valley and neighborhood. The spirit of brotherhood reigning in these quiet valleys contributes an essential element to the success of Hillside Institute.

Summing up the attractions of this Institute for ministers and other workers in our liberal churches, in order to forecast its future, we might say that its base, rooted in thought, its structure, built out of choice companionship, the whole being surrounded by a kindly soil and atmosphere, it promises an enduring growth. One word in closing, I am tempted to add upon a subject that I usually avoid. I will give it as it came to me. How did you like the Western Conference Institute? I have just been asked. It was, perhaps, a natural question, but it struck me like a discord in music; for I had just returned from a two weeks' session of three meetings per day, where, neither in public speech nor lecture had I heard, to my recollection, the name of Western Conference mentioned; and where, although strictly speaking an outsider, I had had no consciousness of being among other than earnest and warm-hearted brothers and sisters of true Unitarian breadth. With these facts I answered my interrogator; "Truly the better spirit of our faith is not favorable to dissensions." The thought of the Hillside Institute of 1891 was keyed to the grand purposes of a broad religious culture. If we all as individual ministers can hold our work equally high the fuller meaning of unity and brotherhood will dawn upon us.

W. G. TODD.

Topeka, August 20, 1891.

The School of Applied Ethics.

The School of Applied Ethics, held at Plymouth, was a season of six weeks of unique privilege for those in attendance.

The school was divided into three departments, Ethics proper, Economics and the History of Religions, with Professors Felix Adler, H. C. Adams and C. H. Toy at the head of each, respectively. Each gave a course of eighteen lectures, while each department had as many more lectures by associates, usually in series of three. All the work was of a high order, most of it would find worthy place in advanced university courses, yet there was little which was not of service to those for whom previous advantages had been meager. This was shown by the faithful attendance at all the lectures of several who had enjoyed years of study abroad as well as university training, and at the same time of the large numbers of amateurs in all the departments. Professor Adler's course was kept severely simple and practical, directly in line with his desire to hasten the time when ethics may be a department in every school, as a scientific system leading to moral thoughtfulness and discrimination. It was good to have the life-long thinking of so strong a man brought to bear upon the minute details and practical principles of the work for little children; and the large number who gathered at these lectures revealed how eager teachers and parents are to find definite methods in their work.

These lectures, which outline the plan and elaborate the methods used in primary and grammar grades, will probably be published, and will be found of great service to the Sunday-school worker, although the lecturer's plea is that the public school shall take this work, leaving for the Sunday-schools the religious sanction and incentives to the moral life. In some other session of the school, the High School course will be taken up.

Considering the social ferment of our time it was inevitable that the intensity of interest should center in the course in Economics. Almost no one seemed settled in mind with a gospel to preach, but all awaited each lecturer with almost bated breath to find if light were about to break.

Professor Clark, of Smith, came with his reputation for noble insistence upon the ethical ideal, but although his heart was evidently rightly placed, his keen, clear argument threw painfully cold water upon many who had hoped to find in "The Single Tax" a final panacea. Dr. Albert Shaw brought with him a cheering breeze and buoyant confidence that the world is spinning, showing us what wildernesses have blossomed under the magic wand of progressive city councils. When one sees the marvelous decrease in the death-rate brought about by the simple change in administrative method, one wonders if there is not blood stains upon the hand which neglects to cast the city ballot.

Professor Taussig (Harvard) interested us in co-operative movements, but led us to feel that their future held little general promise, because they were not a part of any great organic movement. The same spirit, however, once gathered, might be incorporated within the economic organism. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, in a discussion of Factory Legislation showed the steps by which the public conscience had asserted its right to be heard even by the manager of private property.

President Andrews, of Brown, expounded Socialism appreciatively, but found the better way to be the one-step-at-a-time method, without *a priori* terror of either the *laissez-faire* principles or governmental interference. An ardent enthusiasm prevailed regarding the chief course—that of Professor Adams. With clear-cut outlines he gave a bird's-eye view of the industrial society from the Middle Ages, and the development of economic doctrine with a view to understanding the present problem in the labor world. Any summary would only misrepresent by its inadequacy. Free competition he left untouched except as controlled on the wages side by a new property right for labor, which trades unions would doubtless secure, and on the side of distribution by commissions for the regulation of such industries as were natural monopolies. There was through it all, however, a plea for a revival on a higher plane of the old social consciousness, which carried for some of us a more radical inference.

We console ourselves with thinking that the noble optimism which marked all of these lectures does not forbid a hope that some time the highest ideal of fraternity may be incorporated into the bone and marrow of our industrial system. Such a dream is in line with the spirit of broad, high thinkers like these, if not consistent with the clear cut precision of scientific prophecy.

I have no space left for reference to the course of Religion. It was regarded as of rare worth by those best equipped to appreciate it. It touched very close upon the work in our six years' course, both of last year and the next, and was therefore of special interest to some of us.

It is good to know that the school is assured for next year, and will be held again in Plymouth. This is a desirable point, as the seaside makes it possible to enjoy all the pleasures of an outing in connection with the session work.

During the last two weeks I have often thought of the Hillside gathering, and wished that I might also enjoy the inspiration of the annual pentecost of the Valley.

MILA F. TUPPER.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 205 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Socialism. Chapters from the writing of John Stuart Mill, selected and edited by W. D. P. Bliss. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co. Paper, 25 cents.

This is the second number of the *Social Science Library*, a previous issue of which we have already had occasion to commend. Mr. Bliss, the leader of the "Christian Socialists," is doing a good educational work in his editions of standard economic works. The present volume is well selected to show how Mill's broad sympathies carried him beyond the conventional views of his time; and the editor's foot-notes, showing how certain prophecies have been confirmed and others brought to nought, are modest and pertinent.

Periodicals.

WE should hardly have looked in the *Atlantic*, which is the patron of old and established reputations in its selection of contributors, for a story by Rudyard Kipling, yet, it is the latest work of that writer, "The Disturber of Traffic," which forms the leading feature of the September number. It is a story of the optical illusions, caused by solitary life at sea, of a lighthouse keeper. The remaining fiction of this number is contributed by Stockton, in his serial, "The House of Martha," a short story by Lillie Chace Wyman, and the continuation of Mrs. Catherwood's "Lady of Fort St. John." Octave Thanet furnishes one of her characteristic essays on "Town Life in Arkansas." E. P. Evans writes on "Speech as a Barrier Between Man and Beast." John Burroughs leaves his usual line and gives a Study of Analogy. John Fiske contributes one of his learned and entertaining pieces of historical writing in an essay on "Europe and Cathay," Lafcadio Hearn describes the Japanese Feast of the Lanterns and the Market of the Dead. Woodrow Wilson writes of "The Auther Himself": "It is your direct, unhesitating, intent, headlong man, who has sources in the mountains, who digs deep channels for himself in the soil of his times and expands into the mighty river, who becomes a landmark forever; and not your 'broad' man, sprung from the schools, who spreads his shallow, extended waters over the wide surfaces of learning, to leave rich deposits, it may be, for other men's crops to grow in, but to be himself dried up by a few score summer noons." The poetry of this number is contributed from worthy sources, Colonel Higginson, Dr. Parsons, Philip Bourke Marston.

THE two leading articles in the *North American Review*, as indicated by the typographical arrangement of the Table of Contents are one on "Goldwin Smith and the Jews," by Isaac Besht Bendavid, and "Is Drunkenness Curable?" by a symposium of medical authorieties, Drs. W. A. Hammond, T. N. Crothers, E. N. Carpenter and Cyrus Edson. The main general conclusion, that the mingled vice and disease herein discussed is curable, but by will-power and the moral resolution of the patient, is essentially sound and can not be too often repeated. The remaining contents are, "A Plea for Railway Consolidation," by C. P. Huntington, President Southern Pacific R. R., "Co-operative Womanhood in the State," by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, "A Famous Naval Exploit," by The Late Admiral Porter, "Anecdotes of English Clergymen," by the Hon. C. K. Tuckerman, "Dogs and their Affections," by Ouida, "The Ideal Sunday," by the Rev. Charles H. Eaton, D. D., "Reflections of an Actress," by Clara Morris, "Haiti and the United States," by the Hon. Frederick Douglass, Late United States Minister to Haiti. The last mentioned article will be read with interest in view of the recent resignation of Mr. Douglass. The department of Notes and Comments discusses "Our Dreadful American Manners," "Electricity and Life," "The Value of Vanity," "The Ideal University."

THE *Home-Maker* is an illustrated monthly magazine, successor to the *Woman's Cycle*, established and edited by Mrs. Croly (Jenny June), about two years ago, and now merged in this larger publication, under the same editorial management. It is devoted to the higher interests of the home, and of woman's education, continuing the feature which made the *Cycle* so useful, that of Club Records. The contributors to the August number are Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mary Kyle Dallas. F. Marion Crawford, Nelson C. Parshall, Julia Anna Walcott, Victor Rydberg, Mary F. Butts, Caroline Sterling and others. Published by the Home-Maker Co., 44 East Fourteenth street, New York. Subscription price, $2.00 per year, 20 cents a number.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Osborne of Arrochar. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. Paper, 12mo, pp. 449. Price, 50 cts.

The Story of Reine. By Jean de la Brete Graves Translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. Boston: Roberts' Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 299. Price, $1.00.

Life of Christopher Columbus. By Edward Everett Hale. Chicago: G. L. Howe & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 320. Price, $1.25.

Pilgrim Songs. By John Page Hopps. London and Edinburgh. Williams & Norgate. Boards, 16mo, pp. 89.

Perry & Martin,
84 La Salle St., Room 516, Chicago.
Loan Money for estates and private parties on city property at current rates.
ELLEN A. MARTIN, Attorney.

Church Door Pulpit.

Life of the Bible.

Three Stages: Literature, Revelation, Literature Again.

By Rev. W. C. Gannett.

THE LAW OF THE THREE STAGES.

In the life of a Bible there are three stages. In the first stage it is coming into being as a nation's literature. In the second stage it becomes a divine revelation or its equivalent. In the third stage it becomes literature again, this time part of the world's literature. In its first stage it is simply books; in its second it is the Bible, the sacred book, the "Holy Scripture"; in its third stage it becomes simply books again. In its first stage it is known to be the words of man; in its second it is sometimes thought to be the very word of God; in its third it is recognized again as words of men. The first is the age of its writers; the second, the age of its believers or worshipers; the third, the age of its critics and truest appreciators. The first stage is apt to be very long: the Bibles of some nations have been a thousand years and more in coming into being. The second, that of its worshipers, is apt to be still longer: the religions of Buddha and Confucius, for instance, are each nearly twenty-five hundred years old, and each of these rests upon a sacred book. The third stage is just as long as the world continues to be interested in it. When a Bible has returned into literature, it may live on indefinitely; we have Bibles of religions that are now in ruins. The first stage, that of national literature, may be called a Bible's prenatal life; the second, that of divine revelation, is its lifetime proper; the third, that of its return into literature, may be called its immortal life. But the three stages are not separated from each other by any fixed date, like that of human birth and death. A national literature gradually becomes Bible, some parts growing hallowed long before other parts, and the Bible, thus transfigured, gradually dies back into literature again, some parts before other parts, and it remains Bible to the orthodox among its lovers long after it has become books to the rationalist.

If one asks what Bibles have passed through these three stages of existence, the answer is, The older Hindu or Brahmanic Bible, called the "Vedas"; the younger Hindu or Buddhist Bible called the "Three Baskets," or "Pitakas"; the old Persian or Zoroastrian Bible, called the "Zend Avesta"; to some extent, the Chinese Bible, or "Classics of Confucius"; and lastly, our own, both in its Jewish and its Christian part,—these six, at least, Brahmanic, Buddhist, Persian, Chinese, Old Testament, and New Testament. The Koran, or sacred book of the Mohammedans, is an exception to the formula. That flashed, as it were, into existence. It is full, indeed, of older Arab folk-lore and of borrowings from Jewish and Christian sources, and is the least original of the old Bibles. Still, its origin was no slow literary growth, and it had no gradual transfiguration. It was "Bible" from its birth,—its birth in the brain and heart of one fevered reformer,—was sterotyped in fixed form almost on the instant, and was at once accepted as a revelation from above. These are the seven great Bibles of the world. Of these, then, six began as literature, grew into Holy Scripture, and now are passing back again to literature. The last change is also true, of course, of the Koran.

The believer in any one of these six Bibles is apt to recognize the truth of our formula with reference to all the other five; but within any given faith it is a small minority that will frankly class its own Bible with the other Bibles of the world, and own that the same laws of growth and change and decay apply to it as to them. To openly belong to this minority is to be an "infidel," as the phrase goes; that is, a non-believer in the accepted revelation.

So much for our general formula. And now I am to speak of our own Bible and show it passing through the three stages.

I. THE BIBLE'S ORIGIN AS LITERATURE, OR THE WORDS OF MAN.

(*a*) THE OLD TESTAMENT COMING INTO BEING AS HEBREW LITERATURE.

To understand that first prenatal stage, let us begin the story in this way. Moses lived about 1300 years B. C., and King David about 1050 years B. C. Where was the Old Testament in Moses' time? Nearly a thousand years on the other side of birth. Not the so-called "law of Moses," probably not even the "Ten Commandments," but only the germ of what we call the Ten Commandments, existed then. Where was the Old Testament in David's time? A few war songs may have been in writing, songs to Jehovah fierce in battle; some legendary annals were probably beginning; a few customs of sacrifice and social obligation may have crystallized into a crude ritual. Drop down from David's time nearly 500 years. Where was the Old Testament when the Jews were led captive to Babylon? By this time—say, roundly, 600 B. C.—a great mass of literature was extant, which some day was going to make the Hebrew Bible. By this time prophets, a noble series of reformers in Jehovah's name, had been preaching righteousness at the city gates for several generations; and sometimes their forecasts of national disaster or glory—disaster that would overtake the nation for idolatry, glory with which Jehovah would reward their faithfulness to him—had been preserved on parchments or papyrus. By this time (600 B. C.) historians, themselves men of the prophet kind, had been at work recording the traditions of the people's past,—traditions all a-gleam with supernatural legend and echoing with voices of Jehovah. Such legends and chronicles were early editions, as it were, of what would afterward become the stories of the Pentateuch and the books called Joshua, Judges, the Samuels and Kings. By this time wise men had recorded maxims that would later be collected as the book of Proverbs. By this time (600 B. C.), poets had sung psalms that some day would go to make a temple hymn-book. And by this time the laws of worship and social custom had grown into a much larger ritual. In short, a literary age had set in; and still, in 600 B. C., the Hebrew Bible was to wait two centuries for birth.

And now the people were carried off as captives to a land beyond the eastern desert, the very land from which, traditions said, their forefathers had wandered more than a thousand years before. What happened to them there in Babylonia? Instead of crushing out their literary bent, the captivity increased it. In the forced quiet the exiles grew meditative, their habit studious. Captives of the body, they were freemen of the mind: the threefold liberty of every prisoner was theirs, that of retrospection, introspection, prospection; and these they revelled in. The retrospection, or backward-looking, took form in new histories of the nation's past, new revisions of the chronicles already written; and at this time it is probable that the books of Judges, Samuel, and Kings, received nearly their present shape. The introspection, or inward-looking, took form in new psalms, to which adversity lent sometimes fierceness, but oftener a long-drawn sigh to Jehovah for relief, or a cry of confession and repentance. The prospection, or forward-looking, took the form of glowing prophecies of a restored Jerusalem and a purified nation made happy by its good Jehovah. The captivity experience,—as so often happens in an individual's life,—the captivity experience of Israel was the ripening period of the nation's moral and spiritual life. Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, are the three great prophets of this period: Jeremiah, prophet of the gathering gloom, as the people sank into the woe; Ezekiel, prophet of its midnight, but even unto him a dream of the morning kept breaking in; Isaiah, he who wrote the latter part of our book so called, was prophet of the radiant hope in which the captivity ended. And yet at the end of the captivity there was no more "Bible" than before. All, so far, was simply books,—the growing national literature.

THE OLD TESTAMENT RISING INTO "HOLY SCRIPTURE."

But now its birthday as a "Bible" neared. About 450 B. C. a certain man came back from Babylon to Jerusalem to join the little colony of patriots who had hurried home across the desert as soon as their return had been allowed. He was called "Ezra, the scribe," or writer,—a new title, betokening the growth of those literary habits just referred to. Apparently, Ezra brought with him a constitution for his people, a written constitution which he called—note this—the "Law of Moses." Standing near the water-gate, we are told, he read it day by day to the eager listeners. It stirred them mightily, these stricken patriots in their desolated fatherland. And when, at the end of his reading, the reader pledged them to adopt this law, heart and mind and soul, they took the oath in a solemn "league and covenant" with each other and with Jehovah. They did not know it was the moment of the nation's second birth; but that it was. Israel as a power political had died: this was the real beginning of Judaism as a church. From that day on the "law" began to mould the nation's life. Up to the captivity the people had been half-idolatrous; from the date of Ezra's covenant, they were Jehovah's Puritans, knowing no God but him, and knowing him unimaged. The old idolatrous elements had been strained out, absorbed away in Babylonia, leaving the pure Jehovah element alone to make the nation new. It is worth while to fix this Ezra date in mind,—444 B. C., the beginning of true Judaism.

What was this so-called "Law of Moses" that Ezra brought back with him? In all likelihood, it was substantially our present Pentateuch, or first five books of the Bible, still called the "Book of Moses," containing the stories of creation, Eden, the flood and Babel, the legends of the nation's forefathers, and the wonderful escape from Egypt, and, finally, in long detail, the priestly law and ritual. It was either this or else it was that priestly law and ritual with which the others parts were soon incorporated by Ezra's followers. Many heads and hearts had really labored, first and last, upon the compilation. But all the earlier contributions or earlier editions, as we might call them, were now sifted, re-arranged, compressed, and added to; and the complete work, which it had taken generations to evolve, was referred back bodily to the hero of the nation's wonderful escape from Egypt. All was credited to Moses as the author. No one knew the actual authors, no one cared to know; their name was legion. But a mighty name must go with the collection to give it due authority. Of literary criticism there was no beginning in that day, and of credulity there was no end. So the question, "Who wrote it?" answered itself. Who but Moses, the ancient lawgiver of Sinai, could have written it? And who gave it to Moses? The Mighty Jehovah gave it to Moses on the burning mount. What more natural,—were they not God's "chosen people?" The law of Moses came direct from heaven, men therefore said. In that act of faith, by which the words of men became the "Word of God," the Hebrew "Bible" began to be fairly born. To approximate the date, it was about four hundred years B. C.

Began to be born, I say; for, so far, only its first five books, the nation's oldest traditions and its law, were thus uplifted. What happened next? Next, the prophecies and histories underwent the same transfiguration. No new prophets now were heard at city gates, uttering demands for righteousness: prophets had given way to scribes like Ezra,—scholars, collectors, editors of literature. And, as the law grew too holy for further touches of revision, these scholars gave their unspent energy to compiling and editing the books of the dead prophets. These books also, and the histories as well, were sacred; for were they not records of Jehovah's dealings with his people? A single century, probably, sufficed. By 300 B. C. these in turn had been exalted into "Scripture," not so holy as the law, but yet the "Word of God." And thus a second section of the Bible came to birth.

One part of the literature still remained,—the people's hymns, their "wisdom books,"—that is, their proverbs and philosophic poems,—and some newly written history. In these three fields creation still was going on. Most of this new material has a priestly cast. The history, for instance, was old history made new, rewritten now by priests in the interests of their profession. We have their tell-tale work in the books called Chronicles. And to the old psalms many new ones were now added: the two centuries following Ezra's day were the flowering season of temple poetry, and the hymn-book in the middle of our Bible rapidly enlarged. Speaking roundly, we may say that the Old Testament ended in psalms-making, though Daniel, written about 165 B. C., was the last whole booklet written.

Did the newness of these later compositions quench the transfiguration process? It *slowed* that process. But, gradually, this third part of the literature was uplifted like the earlier parts, and crowned as "Holy Scripture," taking lowest rank, however, of the three. Some of the new books took to coronation more readily than others. Over such as Esther, Song of Solomon, and Ecclesiastes there hung long doubt: they seemed too manifestly secular. But at last they passed; and then the sacred lists were closed, and Bible-making was over for the Hebrews. For these three or four books just named the honors were not settled until after the Christian era; but, save for these, we may say the Old Testament in its present form was rounded out to "Scripture" in the century preceding Christ. And the long, double process, first of writing it as literature, then of transfiguration by the people's reverence into "Scripture," had taken some twelve hundred years.

Not that all the Hebrew literature was hallowed thus. There are hints of ancient books that have dropped out of being altogether, save as their gist may have been preserved in those extant. And a whole brood of later books, called "Apocrypha,"—sometimes printed small to-day between our two Testaments,—failed to make their "Scripture" title good. Still

others exist which failed even to find place in the "Apocrypha." And I say nothing at all of the vast cycle of later literature, which went on unrolling for six centuries more into the misty panorama of the Talmud. In other words, our Old Testament, like all ancient literatures, is a book of survivals. The principle called "survival of the fittest" has been at work upon it, and these few pamphlets stitched together are the chief relics that remain to us.

That is the story of the Hebrew Bible's birth. I could not make it shorter and bring the point out. In telling it thus, I have followed some of the ablest and most careful scholars of to-day,—men like Kuenen and Wellhausen and Robertson Smith, such men as the Encyclopædia Britannica selects to write its Bible articles. They are non-orthodox, of course; but they have done, and they are doing, much to re-shape thought among the learned orthodox themselves. Witness Dr. Briggs and many another scholar of to-day among the evangelicals of Germany, England, and America.

(*b*) THE NEW TESTAMENT COMING INTO BEING AS CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

The Christian Bible, called the New Testament, is but another illustration of the same birth-process, though in this case it took far less time. To barely hint the story as told in "probablies" by such Bible scholars as before, let us ask, Where was the New Testament at Jesus' death, about 30 A. D.? It lay as anecdotes and sayings of their Master in the memories of his disciples. Where was it when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans in 70 A.D.? It lay in six or eight letters written by Paul to little churches which loved him and loved his letters for his sake, in a letter from James to fellow-believers among the Jews, perhaps in another addressed in general "To the Hebrews," and in a part,—a part only—of that glowing poem of Messianic wrath and hope which we call "Revelation." By this time, also, written records about Jesus were afloat,—possibly our very Mark or Matthew, but more likely some earlier form of these. This much, one generation after Jesus' death. And where was the New Testament a generation later, in the year 100? Matthew, Mark, and Luke and Acts may even yet have lacked their newest strata and their final touches. And in 125 A. D.? Everything was ready now except John's three little Epistles and Peter's Second, and—a great exception this—the Gospel called "of John." This new story of Jesus,—Jesus idealized as the incarnate Word of God, that mystic being into whom the Greek mind was transforming the Messiah of Jewish Christians, and who in this mystic form was to become the God of Christendom,—this new Life of Jesus, it is the growing belief of many scholars, was still waiting to be written in the year 125. By 150 it probably existed, but was not widely known or quoted, like the other memoirs of Jesus. Twenty years later still, or about 170 A. D., it is supposed that the last-born child in the Bible nursery saw the light; and it was christened "Second Epistle of Peter."

THE NEW TESTAMENT RISING INTO "HOLY SCRIPTURE."

But up to that time all these Christian books were literature, not "Bible." The early Christians had no other "Bible" than the Jews, among whom their first churches rose; namely, the Old Testament. That was the only "Scripture," the only "Word of God," though their new Christian books were also being read in churches. Hardly had the belated John and Peter books appeared, however, before the transfiguration movements can be traced. The second century now was rounding out. In spite of its lowly origin and in the face of persecution, the young church was growing rapidly. It was time to compact and organize itself, and especially to guard against its own dissenters. These inside heretics, the Gnostics, were more dangerous than outside persecutors; for they were busy fabricating new Gospels and Epistles to justify their novel doctrines. Hence the need of an authorized list of genuine books,—those which, as coming from within the apostolic circle, might be appealed to by the church as a "canon," or rule and standard of belief. In this need the ascension of the literature began. Whatever could authenticate its claim to apostolic authorship or apostolic sanction was soon on its upward way to become "Holy Scripture." To be sure, vague traditions and fantastic reasons sufficed in that day to accredit apostolic authorship. The disciples were all dead long before; but it was an off-decade in the second century when no new book purporting to be theirs appeared. Modern critics have had to discount many a second-century decision. Yet long doubt, even then, was felt over some books that were finally accepted; while certain other books, widely read in the churches and long-time candidates for Bible honors, were finally rejected. Three famous Church Fathers, living near the end of the second century,—Irenæus in France, Tertullian in Carthage, Clement in Alexandria of Egypt,—had much to do with settling the contents of the canon. Two centuries more passed by, the reverence mounting all the time, till, late in the fourth century, church councils voted yea and nay upon the lists, and the canon, as we have it now, was closed. A new "Word of God" had come into existence. We may sum up the whole story thus: for a hundred and fifty years after the death of Christ the New Testament was forming in the prenatal stage of literature; two hundred years more it took in being born as Bible.

So much, then, for our two Testaments in their first stage,—that of books; and so much for the process of their uplifting to the second stage,—that of the Book, or "Holy Bible." And now, without a single word to even name the other Bibles lying in the horizon, sweep round your eyes, and think of India's two, and ancient Persia's one and China's. To tell this story of our Bible is to tell the story of those other Bibles of the world. Lowell says of the coming Book:

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope or joy or moan;
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

That, I say, is also true of the old Bibles of the past. Slowly they have all been written.

II. THE BIBLE TRANSFIGURED AS "REVELATION," OR THE "WORD OF GOD."

BIBLIOLATRY.

It is not pleasant to tell the story of the second, or Bible, stage; for, unavoidably, we shall lay rough hands upon our fathers' and our neighbors' faiths, perhaps on our own faiths of but yesterday. When a literature becomes a Bible, it becomes an idol. That is what it needs must be for good and evil, in virtue of its being literal "Word of God." For good, I say, as well as evil; for, though we stop not here to dwell on this, the very worship of a thing as truly holy as this Bible is in many parts has done vast good as well as evil in the world. For idols have much carrying power for ideas and ideals. The scoffer's attitude is often a great deal worse for mind as well as heart than the idolater's. If it take but little sense to be an idolater, it sometimes takes still less to be a scoffer at an idol. And, after all, it is for most of us but a choice of idols. Few rationalists but have some symbol which helps them to reverence, and few who through mistake do not in some degree worship the symbol instead of simply through the symbol, and to do that is to be idolater.

Now, "idolatry" has been till lately the true word for the common attitude of Christendom towards its Holy Book. In many quarters it is the true word still. The book taken as the Word of God prostrates the mind. For instance, in the discussions with the Calvinist about eternal punishment that every now and then arise, his point is to find out the precise meaning of *aionios*, the Bible's Greek term for "everlasting." That meaning found out is to settle the tremendous question. If a Catholic hold controversy with Episcopalians, he pins them down to his one Bible text, a play of words at that, "On this rock, Peter, I will build my church." Those nine words are offered as the corner-stone on which the Roman Catholic church is content to rest its vast claim. The heretics are almost all impaled on Bible texts; for back of each church creed lie Bible words, and to each the Bible is the court of last resort. Swing and Briggs get into trouble among Presbyterians, Thomas among Methodists, the Andover professors among Congregationalists, MacQueary and Newton among Episcopalians, Bridgman among Baptists; and every time the trouble goes back to Bible words. Now and then an earnest friend, in talking on some deep problem of life and death, will surprise you with a Bible verse, offered like a bit of the Holy Cross, to charm away your ignorance and exorcise doubt. A friend once told me—I believe he has since been made a bishop—that, were the Gospel of John really written one hundred and fifty years after Christ, the whole fabric of his religious faith would be overthrown. So Father Ignatius writes Mr. MacQueary: "To lose our faith in the miraculous birth of our Lord, and in his literal bodily resurrection, would be to lose all our joy and peace, all our hope and assurance of a blessed eternity." When Dr. Kitto, an honest scholar and a famous author, tells us concerning one of Samson's feats that "we can say nothing against this deed," he because Samson was "a divinely commissioned" man, but that "any other man who did this would deserve to be hanged," the good doctor is on his knees before an idol. This kind of worship of the Bible's letter has ruled in Christendom for centuries, and it is going on all around us now; and this kind is idolatry.

THREE GRADES OF BIBLIOLATRY.

There have been three degrees of such idolatry in Christendom,—the evangelical Protestant's the Roman Catholic's, the half-way rationalist's. I name them in the order of abjectness; for it is the Protestant, and not the Catholic, who has taken the most abject attitude before the Book. The latter has had another idol that claims prostration,—his church. To him the Bible only serves as pedestal for that: the church, embodied in the priest, the bishop and the pope, is the living God on earth, ever present to announce and to interpret his own will, so that inspiration and revelation are one-channeled, truly, yet perpetual,—not ponded in one ancient reservoir. The written word of God has therefore never been to the Catholic what it became to the Protestant at the great secession in the sixteenth century. Even then, among the reformers themselves, there was a good deal of common sense mixed with the reverence: Luther called the Epistle of James a *straw* epistle, and only added Revelation to his translation under protest; and he recognized discrepancies and errors in the Bible and degrees of inspiration outside of it. But, when the Jesuits, a little latter, tried to recover the ground lost by the Reformation, the Protestants, feeling the need of a rock for their faith, some impregnable stronghold that could resist all attack, betook themselves, as never men had done before in history, to the doctrine of the Bible's infallibility. Plenary inspiration of the Bible they set against Rome's claim of church infallibility, and "The Bible, and the Bible only, the Religion of Protestants," became the watchword of the Reformed Churches. It was far into the seventeenth century before the belief was fully formulated and accepted. Then it was carried out in most logical and absurd exaggeration. Not only the main truths, the ideas, the events, but the words; not only the words, but the letters and the Hebrew vowel-points,—not only these, but the punctuation-marks, were inspired by the Holy Ghost,—so it was held by the extremists. The writers were but notaries of the Holy Ghost,—nay, not so much as notaries; they were but pens of the Holy Ghost, the flutes through which it breathed its voice. Did the Holy Ghost descend to the grammatical errors and verbal barbarisms which strew the New Testament Greek? it was asked. And some answered, "Yea." Others who said "Not so; to hold that would be blasphemy," escaped from the dilemma either by defiantly maintaining the classic purity of the bad Greek or by insisting that what might be a barbarism to the ear of Greeks was not necessarily barbaric to the ears of the Holy Ghost. To-day, of course, such bibliolatry has long gone by. Dr. Briggs allows the "errancy," the fallibility, of Scripture in matters of minor detail; and Prof. J. H. Thayer, addressing an evangelical audience in Boston a few weeks ago, tells them, "The critics are agreed that the view of Scripture in which you and I were educated, which has been prevalent in New England for generations, is untenable."

The half-way rationalist, whose church name may be Unitarian or Universalist or Broad Episcopalian or Liberal Orthodox, takes a very different attitude. He uses reason far in Bible reading: first, he separates the more inspired from less inspired parts by testing all by his own standards of truth and common sense; and then, by these same tests, he settles the meaning of the inspired parts. He rationalizes the Revelation just as much as he feels obliged to in order to accept it; for the Word of God must be, at least, as wise as words of man. In Buddha land, some generations after Buddha's death, a great council was held to decide what were Buddha's genuine teachings among the many claiming to be his; and the council wisely decided that nothing ought to be received as Buddha's word which was not common sense. That is what many a good Christian does to-day with Bible meanings. To freely recognize that this or that may be Buddha's word or Bible meaning, but that it is not common sense and therefore lacks authority, is to take the final step in rationalism, for which not all are ready. On the contrary, our half-way rationalists are apt to take a backward step. They are like the members of another reverend assembly, the senators of Rome, when Alaric was camped outside the gates, and the city's capture seemed inevitable. Three generations nearly had passed by since Christianity became the accepted faith of the empire, and one generation since the senate had voted to remove the statue of the goddess Victory from the capitol, and had blackballed Jupiter after his cause as god had been fairly argued by

advocates pro and con, and since the last heathen temple had been closed by the emperor's edict. Yet, when Alaric and his wild hordes lay around the city, the senators, at their wit's end and their faith's end, consulted—whom? The Etrurian soothsayers, the oracles of the old black-balled religion! So strongly to their mind only half-Christianized did the old superstition cling. Thus it is with our half-way rationalist. In his Bible reverences he lives between the yesterdays and the to-day, not worshiping the letter as before, yet still disposed to bow before a good strong text. When the wild Goths of doubt are pressing hard, when some fierce Alaric of science is writing magazine articles, then, for the world's sake, if not his own, he is apt to be found sacrificing before some Bible passage, as in the days gone by.

(*Conclusion next week.*)

Notes from the Field.

Perry, Iowa.—A correspondent writes: UNITY readers may like to hear a word from the movement started in Perry. Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes, Mary A. Safford, A. M. Judy, S. S. Hunting, N. M. Mann and Elinor E. Gordon have preached here in the order named. Miss Gordon was here two Sundays, July 12th and 19th. Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes visited us the second time yesterday, and gave us two sermons entitled, "The Religion of Character," and "What Shall I do to be Saved." A radical thinker and an eloquent speaker, he could not help making interesting and instructive sermons with such subjects. They might be called foundation-laying sermons, just such as we need while we are trying to build up a new Unitarian society here. Mr. Byrnes is showing his practical interest and zeal by using his vacation to start societies in other towns besides Perry. May his good work be richly rewarded. Our society has services once every Sunday when no preacher is here. Some one is chosen to read a sermon and lead the services. Some of the best sermons of M. J. Savage and John W. Chadwick and a few by other preachers have been read. After our services we have Sunday-school at noon. We started the Sunday-school in June and we think we are doing very well for an embryo society. You see we have work for every Sunday. We now have a hall rented that we have sole control of, which we find is much better than the one we were using where so many societies met that we were occasionally deprived of it when we wanted it. In addition to our regular Sunday meetings and Sunday School the ladies have a Unity circle that meets weekly.

Our little society has had its discouragements as all such efforts have. Still we have had no complete failures thus far in anything we have undertaken. We shall try to keep the work going until we get out of the embryo condition into a good, permanent working organization. E. A. P.

Brattleboro, Vt.—The Unitarian Congregational church, Rev. Frank Lowe Phalen, minister, has the following bond of union: In the freedom of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.

Let none be strangers in our church. Every person who desires to get good and do good is welcome.

We believe in the progressive revelation of truth. We reverence the Scriptures and hold fast their eternal message, but we also see and believe that God still reveals "more light" in nature, history and humanity. The whole truth has not yet been spoken. The present and future as well as the past are sacred.

We advocate freedom of thought in religion and we believe we only truly reverence God when we use the reason He has given us to "prove all things." No creeds, catechism, dogma, theology, tradition, or exclusive and provincial religious education has any right to hinder *young* or *old* from *knowing the truth* which Jesus Christ said should make them free.

True science and true faith are both of God. Let us "stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

Old creeds are crumbling; the old fear and the old discord are passing away. There was never such a bright prospect for the liberal Christian faith.

Let it be ours then to conspire with the new works of the new day and to help build the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men.

Forest City, Ia.—"Our people were favored with as intellectual treat last Sunday," writes a correspondent from this place, "by Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Humboldt, preaching in the Congregational church. His subject in the morning was 'A Human Ministry of a Human Religion.'" He adds that an evening service was held for the young people, of whom there was a large attendance, subject: "What shall I do to be saved?" "The last sermon was a little shocking to a few of our orthodox friends but on the whole it was well received, and should Mr. Byrnes return he will have a hearty welcome." Several people are ready to adopt the religion of freedom, fellowship and character, we are told.

Washington, D. C.—We are indebted to Mr. W. C. Pennywitt, lately of the Third Church in this city, for a copy of one more Emerson programme of study, arranged by the Emerson Ought Club, and prepared with much care and intelligence by himself. The course is divided into two general parts, under "Fundamental Concepts" and "Ultimate Concepts." The minor topics have almost as metaphysical a sound, but we doubt not, will develop useful lines of study. The general subject is "The Philosophy of Duty or First Principles in Ethics and Religion."

Removal.—Revs. S. F. and Sophie Gibb, have removed from Decatur Ill., to Janesville, Wis., where Mrs. Gibb takes charge of the Unitarian Church. Mr. Gibb expects to be engaged by the Universalist Church at Whitewater, Wis. Their correspondents will address them at Janesville.

Helena, Montana.—Unitarian services held in this place, August 2, 9 and 16. On August 16 at a largely attended meeting it was resolved to organize a Unitarian church and a committee of twenty was appointed to have charge of the preliminary work and to secure the services of a minister.

Chicago.—Rev. J. Ll. Jones will return to the city the last of this week and begin regular services in the pulpit of All Souls, September 6.

The Exchange Table.

Freethought.

Freethought has often been misunderstood. It is not only misinterpreted by the adversaries of freethought, but not unfrequently also by those who call themselves freethinkers. Freethought does not mean that thought is free or should be free, it simply claims freedom for the thinker to think undisturbedly and uninterfered with for himself. The thought of the thinker, however, is not free and can not be free, in the sense that the thinker can think however he pleases. Freethought, it is true, claims the liberty and the right to think for the individual; but that right being procured, the individual can think only by renouncing its individuality. We can dream as we please, we can imagine that this or that might be so or so just as we like. But when we think, we can not come to a conclusion just as we please, we have radically and entirely to give up our likes and dislikes in order to arrive at what can objectively be proved to be the truth.

The freethinker who claims not only liberty for thought, but also liberty of thought is gravely mistaken. There is no liberty of thought. The mere idea "liberty of thought" is a contradiction, for thought is strict obedience to the laws of thought and only by strict obedience can we arrive at the truth which is always the purpose and final aim of thought.

The error that there can be liberty of thought has led to another erroneous idea which is a misinterpretation of the principle of tolerance. We certainly believe in tolerance, but tolerance means the recognition of other people's right to express their opinion. It does not mean that any and every opinion is of equal value. Tolerance demands that the opinions of those who seek the truth should be heard; they should not be put down with violence or treated with contempt. Yet tolerance does not exclude criticism; it does not and should not abolish the struggle for truth among those who believe that they have found the truth. For truth is objective and there is but one truth. If tolerance is based upon the idea that truth is merely subjective, that something may be true to me which is not true to you, and that therefore an objective conception of the truth is an impossibility, tolerance has to be denounced as a superstition. Tolerance in this sense is injurious to progress, for it prevents the search for truth and leads to the stagnancy of indolent indifferentism. . . .

The expression objectivity of truth must not be understood in the sense that truth is an object. Truth is not a thing, but a relation. Truth is the congruence of our ideas with the reality represented in these ideas. If the idea is a correct representation of the reality represented so as to form a reliable guidance in our deportment toward the reality, it is true. That truth can be more or less clear, that it can more or less be mingled with errors, that it can be more or less complete or exhaustive is a matter of course. Truth can not be possessed as objects are possessed so that we either have it entire or not at all. Truth is the product of our exertions, it is the result of our search for truth, so that the world of realities with its innumerable relations and unlimited changes being living before us, immeasurable, interminable, and eternal, truth can never be complete, never perfect, never absolute in the minds of mortal beings. But that proves only the greatness of the universe and the grandness of the object of our cognition. It is no fault of truth. For truth remains truth, it remains objective, and can as such serve as a guidance for conduct even though it be incomplete and imperfect. We however are freethinkers and search boldly for a more complete and more perfect conception of truth, because we trust in its truth,—in its objectivity, its exclusiveness, its universality and its authority.—*Editor of the Open Court.*

I HAVE frequently referred to my appreciative parishioner. I also have a parishioner whom I shall call my gloomy parishioner, The worst thing about him is that he is a good man. If he were not good, I could scold at him in a clerical, innocent manner, and possibly remove some of his gloominess. But he is so good, so self-sacrificing, so dutiful, that one would no more think of scolding at him than one would think of scolding because the ocean is wet. He takes a gloomy view of the world in general, of the church and of its ministers in particular. He is inclined to make not only suggestions to me, but to give directions. He thinks that I am altogether a too frivolous man. I do not take a sufficiently serious view of my business to suit his fastidious and serious taste. Yet he does not find special fault with me. He speaks well of me, of my sermons, of my executive work. But, someway, the atmosphere with which he speaks about all these agencies is depressing. The day that he comes to call upon me seems to be a little less bright than usual. Indeed it is a good deal, I fancy, like the Day of Judgment. After he has gone away, I am inclined to ask myself, what have I done now that should make me feel so unusually blue! What new sin have I committed, or old sin renewed? From heresy and schism and from the gloomy parishioner may the Great Head of the church deliver us!—*The Advance.*

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM is out with a book on "Recollections and Impressions," in which he gives rapid descriptions of the leading characters of his generation. Speaking of Mr. Emerson and particularly of his serenity, Mr. Frothingham says he was "the perfect fruitage of centuries of heavenly minded men." It is the purpose of this paragraph to call attention to that one particular phrase. It is a sort of kodac picture taken in a flash light. It aptly, as we believe, describes Mr. Emerson. Mr. Frothingham may have put a little of the flavor of his own heart into this phraseology, but the essence of it has been a current estimate of Mr. Emerson from an orthodox point of view for a whole generation. Mr. Emerson was manhood in its full flower. He was, in a sense, a product of the very Christianity he affected to abjure.—*The Standard.*

THERE are three great Protestant churches, each of which has a strikingly characteristic virtue. The Episcopalian, with its magnificent ritual; the Methodist, with its tremendous fervor; the Unitarian, with its grand liberty of thought. If either of these would reach out to embody a reasonable share of the special forces of the other two, it would sweep the world. People want religion, and they want it in a carefully organized church. They want a working, singing, praying, warming church. They want an orderly, dignified, reverent, artistic, refining service, where praise and music and response lift their souls in the unison of worshipful sentiment. They want liberty of thought, progressive ideas—not new and ingenious interpretations of the old false creeds, but broad and high interpretations of human existence, of life and duty and love and destiny. They try the progressive churches awhile, and they get hungry for a rich and harmonious worship. They go to the ritualistic churches, and, after a little, they starve for mental teaching. They want more emotion than the liberals give, and they go to the Methodists; there, they get too much, or in a cruder form than they like. The people are right in this matter. A church should feed their entire nature, mental, moral, emotional, devotional and æsthetic. The true church will never come until the special virtues of the Episcopal, the Methodist and the Unitarian are pruned and blended—until form and zeal and thought are harmonized—until thinkers learn to organize, and organization finds some other basis than the exclusion of liberty.—*The Universalist Monthly.*

THE *Independent* calls that "a remarkable movement," and so it is, though it does not strike us as unnatural, lately started in Madras, India, by two Mohammedans, having for its object the preaching of the Gospel of Islam, and the conversion of Hindus and, if possible, Christians, to Mohammedanism. The young men who go out preaching are said to be free from the prejudices of the old-fashioned Mohammedans, try to live true lives, and claim to be at one with the Unitarians of America and England. The leaders adopt English as the medium of preaching Islam, and acknowledge the Fatherhood of God, and thus overthrow, says our informant, the old-fashioned prejudice against the Christian expressions "Son of God," "God's children," which many Mohammedans consider blasphemous.

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—*Phillips Brooks.*

Please Don't.

There are folks enough in the world, my dear,
Who censure and criticise and sneer.
It takes no talent to fret and jeer;

And any person with fair success
Can add to another's wretchedness.
It is easy enough to cause distress.

To loose a scandal they can not bind,
In the work of another fault to find,
To spoil the peace of a neighbor's mind.

There are people enough the wide world through—
It is so easy a thing to do.
Don't swell the number, I beg of you!
—*E. M. Lewis, in Housekeeper's Weekly.*

A Four-footed Songster.

It is not generally known that the gift of song is given to any other creatures save birds and human kind. But it is; and what surprises me is that naturalists have had so little to say about the songster to which I refer. This is, so far as I can judge, simply a gifted member of the mouse family, and its place of abode is human dwellings. I am aware that the "shriek mouse," so called, makes a series of "flittering" sounds, and the grass mouse is noisy enough, especially if you unwarily tread in his nest; but I have heard in the walls of a house and elsewhere long series of sweet and musical sounds rippling from the throats of house mice, just as notes are scattered from the throat of a bird.

Some years ago an associate editor of mine told me that two of the daintiest little musicians that I ever saw came into his office every night about twelve o'clock, when all was still, to eat crumbs, and afterwards sing. I sat with him to hear the performance. The colored purveyor left coffee and sandwiches in the office about a quarter of midnight, and we both began to eat. Presently my friend pointed to the corner of the room, and I saw a mouse coming nimbly toward the crumbs, which had been scattered in another corner. But, on seeing two persons in the room, he hesitated and turned back, being met near the hole by another mouse. In a little while the two disappeared, and my friend said that they were afraid of me, I being a stranger. They reappeared several times afterwards, and even ventured to nibble some of the crumbs when they found that I did not molest them. But not a note did they give us, although we waited till one o'clock.

I was there again the next evening, and the two entered without any hesitation and began feeding. Having satisfied themselves, they began to gambol about till it seemed to me they had grown tired. Then the one that had entered first, he being the larger and evidently the bolder of the two, suddenly stopped and burst out into a dainty and musical ditty. I know little about the technique of music; but I know the little creature ran up and down a perfect scale of musical notes, and then seemed to gather several together and throw them out at once.

He was soon joined by the other; and the combined singing would be audible all through the flat, if the doors were open. The note is silvery, thin and sweet, and to my ear almost exactly like that of the finch or sparrow, which, before a rain-storm, sings: "Sweet, sweet weather." The two little wonders continued their song for fully half an hour; then one of them turned into its hole, and the other followed. I am sorry to say that not very long afterwards a cat put an end to one of the little musicians, and its companion was not heard or seen afterwards.

But something more curious than this came into my experience while spending some days last autumn at Elmwood Cottage, Windsor, Nova Scotia. I was seated conversing with the family about ten o'clock in the evening, and mentioned having heard two mice sing some years before. Some of my hearers were almost incredulous, and none had heard that there was such a creature, whereupon I proceeded to give, as nearly as I could, an imitation of the scale and song of the mouse. I had hardly ceased when, to the astonishment of us all, a mouse struck up in the wall of the room where we sat, and with a song so loud that it could be heard all over the house. In a little while it stopped, and presently the song came from another quarter. It continued its singing intermittently for fully an hour, and then stopped. Not a note had ever been heard before from it, and the opinion of those present was that my crude attempt at giving the mouse song had set the little listener going. He sang many evenings afterwards; and I understand that he has been seen, and has long been an almost tame pet of the house, though till the night in question, of course, no one had considered him different from any other little cracker-eating pest. He still comes to his accustomed hole for the crumbs and dainties which he is sure to find awaiting him.—*Edmund Collins, in the Independent.*

A Child's View of Hell.

The children were playing in the yard. Mamma sat sewing by the window, and overheard the following conversation. Charlie spoke first.

"Do you ever feel real mean when you do anything wrong, Helen?"

"I never thought about it," replied Helen.

"Don't you ever feel just kind of hot and on fire from your head clear down to your feet?"

"No, I don't know as I do."

"Well, I tell you I do," went on Charlie, reflectively. "First my head gets all hot and my face red, and I feel awfully, as if I were going to burn up; and the feeling keeps spreading and spreading until I tingle clear down into my fingers and toes. And, Helen," he added, after two or three vicious digs into the earth, "I just believe that's hell."—*Christian Leader.*

Pass It On.

At a railway station, a benevolent man found a school-boy crying because he had not quite enough to pay his fare, and he remembered suddenly how, years before, he had been in the same plight, but had been helped by an unknown friend, and had been enjoined that some day he should pass that kindness on. Now he saw that the long-expected moment had come. He took the weeping boy aside, told him his story, paid his fare, and asked him in his turn to pass the kindness on. And as the train moved from the station the lad cried cheerily: "I will pass it on, sir." So that act of thoughtful love is being passed on through our world, nor will it stay, till its ripples have belted the globe and met again.—*Christian Standard.*

MORAL ideality is the presence of God in man.—*James Martineau.*

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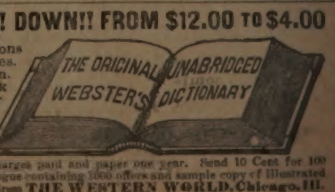

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